

Tales from THE ZONE

& Other Emanations from
The Los Angeles
Cacophony Society
(Issue #22)
April 1993



The Cacophony Society is a randomly gathered network of free spirits devoted to the pursuit of experiences beyond the pale of mainstream society. We are the composers of disharmony, the engineers of disorder, emcees of the dreamstate lottery, dumpster-picking poets, voodoo percussionists, snake-handlers, good losers, bad witch doctors, glossophiliacs, and addictive personalities. You may already be member!

RETURN TO BOTTLE VILLAGE

Saturday, April 3, 1 PM

Cacophony returns to the world of the late Grandma Prisbrey. This world-class neighborhood eccentric and pioneering Cacophonist, who built herself a kingdom out of Simi Valley's garbage, dyed her poodles dayglo, and generally led a life untroubled by prevailing aesthetic trends. The village's thirteen 3/4 scale structures built primarily of bottles, along with a other materials scavenged from the local dump bear exotic names like "The Pencil Hut" and "Cleopatra's Bedroom" and were originally built to house Grandma's burgeoning pencil collection. Don't forget to have your picture taken by the bouquet of decaying dolls' heads on stakes. The Village is not regularly open to the public. It can for legal reasons only open for volunteers helping with restoration, so a few minutes spent shuffling around some bottles will be rewarded today many times over with a guided tour of the site.

RSVP: Rev. Al. (213) 936-8767.



EASTER EGGS & NAZIS

Sunday, April 11, 11 AM - 4 PM

Several months ago, the LA Times ran a story about W.W.II era Nazi sympathizer, and millionaire heiress, Carolyn Murphy, who under the influence of a certain agent Schmidt of the Third Reich, realized the dream of a Nazi utopia right here in Southern California. This Topanga Canyon stronghold was to be the training ground for a race of Aryan supermen who would emerge from the canyon after the collapse of allied powers to assume control of the continent. Facilities included reservoirs for water and fuel, vegetable gardens, greenhouses, a power plant, and sleeping quarters for the supermen-in-training. All of this now lies in ruins behind a creepy wrought iron gate just waiting for someone to come along and hold an Easter Egg hunt. In an effort to remove the taint of the past from this parcel of land, the LA Cacophony Society will do just this. But watch out! The area will be patrolled by costumed SS Bunnies, the sinister Doktor Mabuse, and other ghosts of the past, as well as wandering Hassidic minstrels from *Gefilte Fuck* dishing out some serious acoustic retribution. Achtung! Achtung! The following items are your responsibility: 1 dozen eggs decorated in a manner appropriate to our setting, and 1 glatt Kosher picnic item. Auf Wiedersehen!

Where: Call for directions. The camp is approximately a thirty minute hike from the road. Try to get there early, before all the eggs are smashed.

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*in Pacific Palisades
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the 11th of 11th*

Emanations from the Los Angeles Cacophony Society

DESERT CACOPHONY

Sat., April 17, leaving 11 AM, returning Sun. PM
It's Spring, and you're getting that feeling again. You want to quit your job, burn your house and take to the road. We understand these needs, and if you can take care of the job and the house, we would be proud to help with the travel plans. Our first stop is **Hulaville**, but you won't find it on any map. See, it's like this -- some people have rock gardens, and others work with junk; Miles Mahan (a soulmate of Grandma Prisbrey) has spent the last 20 years painstakingly rearranging old dolls, boots and sake bottles to express some creative impulse baked, perhaps a trifle long in the desert sun. Named after a giant tin Hula girl scavenged from a hotel slated for demolition, Hulaville is a "free museum" and "hobo graveyard" for interstate travelers interested in inspecting junk, and meeting its' creator, Mr. Mahan, hobo, carny, and desert poet. But Miles has no phone and is getting on in years, so keep your fingers crossed! Just a bit down the road is the **Roy Rogers/Dale Evans Museum**. Filled with strangely personal keepsakes of the Great Western Celebrities, including bowling trophies, items from Roy's Masonic lodge, letters from the troubled offspring, a silver plated cadillac ornamented with handguns, endangered species bagged while on safari, religious keepsakes from the born-again Dale, and of course, the taxidermied carcass of Trigger -- all housed in a delightfully artificial cement "cavalry fort." An hour or so later we'll arrive in "Exotic World," site of **The Strippers' Hall of Fame**, where Dixie Evans the "Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque" has transformed her comfortable suburban home, into a crowded a gallery of memorabilia from the careers of the Sisters of Skin. The tour features a moment of silent contemplation before the ashes of Exotic Dancers' League founder Jennie Lee, The Bazoom Girl." This may be your only chance to sit on Jane Mansfield's couch and once and for all learn the truth about the notorious Siska and her Macaws. The final stop on our little jaunt is the ghost town of **Calico**, the largest in the area, slightly commercialized but well worth a visit. After sundown, we'll go out into the desert for a special open air performance by the percussive savages of the legendary **Crash Worship** from San Diego. Expect torches, animal masks, and frenzied trance dancing somewhere in a hidden desert canyon. Overnight accommodations will be of the camping variety. Bring some food and your gear. Call early if interested in carpooling or sharing a rented tent. Admission costs and further details will be available over the phone. (213) 937-2759.

SOUNDS LIKE CACOPHONY

April 3 -- Rain date for last month's Faultline walk, call The Velveteen Rabbit (213) 913-9097.

April 4 -- "Murals in Motion" an outdoor exhibition of urban art and culture on mural adorned automobiles at Self Help Graphics Galeria, 3802 Brooklyn Ave. 12-5 PM. Indoor show continues through April 24. (213) 264-1259.

April 4 -- Mass Transit Poetry Open Reading. Odd poetry for odd places. Gabriel (213) 663-1265.

April 10 -- The Blessing of the Animals, 2 PM at Olvera Street Plaza. See for yourself ordinary housecats lost in rapt contemplation of the Holy Trinity.

April 21 -- Laundromat Poetry Open Reading. Froth & Spew! Gabriel (213) 663-1265.

Rich Polysorbate unleashes his literary/graphic demons once again in the **Book of Morteville/Secular Destruction of Los Angeles**. Only \$1.50 to corrupt your soul! 409 PPCH #106-439, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

Anyone know a good site for a white trash picnic? Call Larry (213) 969-4969.

Raphael Alvarado seeks high quality inebriated ramblings for *Fuck Caffeine*, PO Box 176, Hollywood, 90028. (818) 583-5835.

Everything else that matters can be learned by dialing (310) CUT-FOOT.



So what do YOU want to do? What other weird activities are you currently engaged in? Do you have some twisted talent you MIGHT like to share? Know of any good underground UFO bases to visit? Call us with your comments, news, tips, critiques and cravings! (213) 937-2759.

This month subscribers receive two new tools for creating public confusion. First, the "Mortuary Spring Sale" flyer perfect for xeroxing and posting in gymnasiums, health clubs, yuppie hangouts and even places you like. Second, the "Earthquake Exemption" billfold card insures your immunity from all seismic disasters. Use and confuse! Infidel nonsubscribers can also receive these items by phoning the Royal Temple of Cacophony (213) 937-2759. Find out just what you've been missing out on every month. Or just send the cash and rest easy. We promise that 100% of the funds we receive will be directly applied to the destruction of prevailing psychological realities. \$10 does it for 12 issues. Make out your check to "The Zone" and mail to:

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